

WELL-KNOWN NAMES IN HONOURS LIST: PICTURES

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1915

One Halfpenny.

OUR ARMY'S NEW YEAR SMILE: BUT BIG AND LITTLE WILLIE
ARE DOWNHEARTED.



The British Army is smiling as the New Year opens. Our soldiers at the front are of good cheer. Five months of terrible fighting have proved their worth. They know their own strength and the strength of the Germans. They know, that

new British armies are joining them in the great fight that is to come. On the other hand, Germany and the Big and Little Willies, who represent Germany, face the New Year's outlook of utter gloom and imminent disaster.—(Daily Mirror photo)

LORD ABERDEEN BECOMES A MARQUIS.

Earldom for Viscount St. Aldwyn in New Year's Honours List.

TWO GARTER KNIGHTS.

Liberal Whip and Labour Leader Created Privy Councillors.

3 BARONETS, 16 KNIGHTS.

The New Year's Honours List, which was issued last night, contains many well-known names.

The list includes two Knights of the Garter, a Knight of the Thistle, a marquis, an earl, five Privy Councillors, three baronets and sixteen knights.

Lord Aberdeen, the retiring Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has been raised to the marquise; while Viscount St. Aldwyn—perhaps better known as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the distinguished statesman and a former Chancellor of the Exchequer—has been created an earl.

Poetry and literature are honoured in Dr. Henry John Newbott, who has received a knighthood.

Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Labour M.P., and Mr. Percy Illingworth, the chief Liberal Whip, who is now lying ill with typhoid, have been made Privy Councillors.

The London and South-Western Railway has been honoured in Colonel Robert Williams, M.P., a director of the company, who has received a baronetcy, and in Mr. Herbert Ashby Walker, general manager of the railway, who has received a knighthood.

KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER—2.

Earl of Derby, G.C.V.O., C.B. The seventeenth Earl, was M.P. for West Loughborough (Lancashire) from 1892-96. Was chief Censor in South Africa during the war, and private secretary to Lord Kitchener. As Lord Derby he was Postmaster-General.

Earl of Chesterfield, G.C.V.O. The fourth of his line, Lord Chesterfield is head of a family long settled in Herefordshire. He has held several Court appointments, and in 1910 was appointed Lord Steward of the King's Household.

KNIGHT OF THE THISTLE.

Lord Lovat, K.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O. His title is famous for its association with the "Lords of the Scots," a body which he raised for the War, and whom he accompanied to South Africa. His gallantry in South Africa brought Lord Lovat the D.S.O., the C.B. and mention in dispatches.

MARQUIS.

Earl of Aberdeen, K.T. Since 1905 the Earl of Aberdeen has been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and he has held that office for a longer period than any of his predecessors. He is being urged by various deputations in Ireland to withdraw his resignation of the Lord Lieutenantcy. This office he also held from January to July, 1886.

EARL.

Viscount St. Aldwyn. Lord St. Aldwyn rendered to the Government during the recent financial crisis assistance which as a former Chancellor of the Exchequer he was well qualified to give. It is eight years since the title of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach became merged in the Viscountcy of St. Aldwyn. He has had, of course, a distinguished career as a statesman, and as one of the leaders of the Conservative Party.

PRIVY COUNCILLORS—5.

Arthur Henderson, Esq., M.P. Leader of the Labour Party and a member of the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee. Has sat for Barnard Castle since 1903. Made one of his first public speeches on a political platform at Newcastle with Mr. (now Lord) Morley and Sir Henry Fowler (afterwards Lord Wolverhampton). Has three sons, all who volunteered for active service.

Percy Holden Illingworth, Esq., M.P. Has sat for Shipley Division of Yorkshire since 1906. Chief Liberal Whip since 1912. He was formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Chief Secretary for Ireland and Junior Lord of the Treasury.

William MacGregor, G.C.M.G., C.B. A medical man, whose chief title to fame, however, rests on his successful administration of several British Colonies. At one time chief medical officer in Fiji, he became subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of British New Guinea, and afterwards Governor in turn of Lagos, Newfoundland and Queensland, retiring recently from the last-named Colony.

The Hon. Edwin Samuel Montagu, M.P. Financial Secretary to the Treasury. He is a brother of Lord Swaythling, and is thirty-five years of age. He has been Under-Secretary of State for India, and Secretary for the Chester Division of Cambridgeshire.

The Hon. Sir James Rose-Innes, K.C.M.G., K.C. Has been Chief Justice of the Transvaal since

1901. He entered the Cape Parliament in 1884 and was Attorney-General in the Rhodes Empire 1890.

BARONETS—3.

Stanley Cochrane, Esq. Is well known in Dublin.

Humar Greenwood, Esq., M.P. Has sat for Sunderland in the Liberal interest since 1910. Recently appointed to command 10th Battalion S. Wales Borderers. He was one of the first M.P.s to seek military service on the outbreak of the war.

Colonel Robert Williams, M.P. A well-known banker, who has represented West Dorsetshire in the Conservative interest since 1905. He is chairman of the Public Accounts Committee, and is a director of the London and South-Western Railway.

KNIGHTS—16.

Horatio Brevitt, Esq.

Town Clerk of Wolverhampton.

William Carey, Esq.

Head Office of Guernsey since 1908.

Arthur Wakefield Chapman, Esq. Chairman of the Surrey County Council, and has been chairman of the Surrey Education Committee.

John Cowan, Esq.

Is chairman of the well-known firm of Redpath, Brown and Co., Limited, and Deputy-Lieutenant of Edinburgh.

James Johnston Dobbie, Esq., F.R.S., D.Sc. Principal of the Government Laboratories, London.

Frank Watson Dyson, Esq., F.R.S. Astronomer-Royal; Astronomer-Royal, Scotland, 1905-1910.

John Gibson, Esq.

Editor of the *Cambridge News*.

Alfred Lassam Goodson, Esq.

Of Colchester and London. A well-known manufacturer and merchant.

T. Duncombe Mann, Esq.

Clerk to the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

Henry John Newbott, Esq., D.Litt. The well-known poet and author. Among his publications are "Admirals All," "Songs of the Sea," and "Book of the Blue Sea" (1914).

Douglas Owen, Esq.

A barrister-at-law, who in connection with the war risks insurance scheme has rendered valuable assistance and advice to the Government.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Penfold. As Mayor of Folkestone, has done most energetic and efficient work in connection with the reception of refugees from Belgium.

Walter Trower, Esq. Solicitor, of the well-known firm of Trower, Still, and Keeling. Late president of the Law Society.

Henry Urwick, Esq. A manufacturer, well known in Worcester City and County.

Herbert Ashcombe Walker, Esq. General manager London and South-Western Railway and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Railway and Engineer Staff Corps.

Alfred William Watson, Esq. Actuary to the National Health Insurance Joint Committee.

"THE MILITARY CROSS."

99 Recipients of New Decoration Instituted by the King to Rank Next V.C.

A new decoration, entitled "The Military Cross," has been instituted by Royal Warrant. This fact is disclosed in a special supplement to the *London Gazette* issued last night.

It is to be awarded to officers of certain ranks in the Army whose distinguished and meritorious services have been brought to the notice of the King.

The decoration is to consist of a cross of silver, having on each arm the Imperial Crown and bearing in the centre the letters "G. R. I."

It is to be worn immediately after all Orders and before all decorations and medals, with the single exception of the Victoria Cross.

The Cross is not, however, to confer any individual precedence or entitle the recipient to any addition after his name as part of his description or title.

The first list of awards of the new decoration includes the names of ninety-nine officers and warrant officers. Lieutenant J. H. S. Dimmer, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who recently won the Victoria Cross, has now been awarded the Military Cross.

NEW YEAR'S EVE "AS USUAL."

New Year's Day was ushered in amid rejoicings that 1914 had departed, and hopes of a bright and happy 1915.

At the Savoy, where there was a soldiers' party, dancing was kept up until a late hour. The New Year was heralded there by a fanfare from the trumpets of the Coldstream Guards.

English, Irish, Welsh and English made New Year's Eve of 1914 at St. Paul's a memorable scene. It appeared that every regiment in the Service was represented at the historic gathering.

EIGHTY TONS OF PUDDINGS

How Our Soldiers Feasted on Christmas Day at the Front.

MOUTH ORGANS WANTED.

How our soldiers spent Christmas is described by "Eye-Witness" in a further account from the front. This is what happened in the firing lines on Christmas Day:—

Short length of German trench captured. Group of buildings used by foe shelled. Two Germans who came across to British trenches and ostensibly to wish us the compliments of the season, taken prisoners. Christmas fare was abundant.

At every regimental headquarters could be seen piles of plum puddings, chocolate, buns and other luxuries. Of Christmas puddings alone over eighty tons reached the different railheads between December 24 and 25.

Every officer and man received a Christmas card from the King and Queen and a pipe and casket from Princess Mary. The Princess's gifts were conveyed in closed vans, locked by letter locks, of which the key word was only known to certain officers, and one officer forgot the key word, "Noel," and had to haul at the fastening with a motor-lorry.

Describing how the hardships of the troops are mitigated, "Eye-Witness" says:—

The troops are fed with no army in the field has been fed before.

But there is one thing which nearly all of them refer to when asked, and that is the lack of means of making a "cheerful noise," or, in other words, the dearth of mouth organs!

When the men are collected in the burrows and dug-outs behind the firing line in the long, dull evenings when nothing happens, any musical instrument for the performance of a solo or the accompaniment of a song is a godsend.

Parcels of mouth organs should be addressed to the unit care of the Military Forwarding Officer, Southampton.

DEATH FOR A BLOW.

Atrocious Sentence on British Prisoner of War Who Struck Guard with Fist.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 30.—The English prisoner of war Lonsdale, who was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for refusing to obey the guard at Doberitz, has now been sentenced to death by the Superior Court-martial of the Guard Corps.

The *Lokalanzeiger* states that the president of the original court-martial, being dissatisfied with the penalty of ten years, ordered that Lonsdale should be tried, this time on the charge of aggravated assault.

Lonsdale, according to the Berlin papers, will lodge an appeal with the Imperial Court-martial.

The outrageous decision of the German court-martial has elicited a protest from

Dr. Eduard David, the German Socialist deputy, who says in to-day's *Vorwärts*:—

"I cannot maintain silence with regard to the death sentence passed upon an English prisoner. The accused, in the excitement of the moment, permitted himself to be carried away so far as actually to attack the Landsturm guard. For such an action by an unarmed man in a prison against an armed man ten years' imprisonment was certainly no mild punishment."

"Shall the unfortunate blow now be expiated by a horrible act of execution? Against this my feelings revolt."—Reuter.

GERMANS WANT 'WILLIE' CARTOONS

Writing home to his parents, a Reading sergeant, Charles Johnson, of the 2nd Royal Berkshire Regiment, says:—

On one occasion the Germans shouted over to our trenches for a *Daily Mirror*, and guaranteed a safe passage to anyone who would bring the paper. Of course, no one risked it, but we managed to throw a *Daily Mirror* weighted with a stone near enough for them to obtain it.

The German soldiers love the "Big and Little Willie" cartoons. It provides them with a hearty laugh whenever chance throws one in their way.

BULLETS AS JEWELS.

Bullets and scraps of shells are now being mounted in Bond street in gold as souvenir gifts. In some cases they are ornamented with pearls.

Platinum rings with a single pearl jewel are very much in favour at present with women, but these are expensive.

ONE-PIECE 'FROCK' DAINY COLOURS.

Rich, Dark Hues Still Unconquered by Paris Half-Tone Vogue.

UMBRELLA SKIRTS.

PARIS, Dec. 30, 1914.

Chère Amie,—Christmas-tide in Paris was wonderful this year.

Notwithstanding the war and all the troubles and trials it has brought into existence, the boulevards looked quite gay.

I was glad to see that quite a number of pretty girls, and pretty women, too, had the courage to wear winter wraps of rich dark colour.

It is true that this is a winter of half-tones. We are enthusiastic over neutral shades, and we revel in the magpie tints. Nevertheless, there are certain colours, rich and dark, which are holding their own in the race for popular favour.

A subdued shade of Bordeaux red is one of these. This colour is splendid in such materials as silk-finished blanket cloth, sardana-pa, velours, etc. There is also a new shade of violet, which has a dash of dark blue in its composition.

You ask in your letter about "a smart little house frock," and I am sending you a sketch of one which I think will suit you exactly.

It is the newest of the new—a plain wide skirt which measures four yards and a half at the hem, and a tight corsage which moulds the figure without compressing it anywhere.

The original model was created in the Rue de la Paix, and it was made of navy blue serge which had a diagonal line running through it. The material was wonderfully

soft and warm, and the skirt was fashioned in a highly original manner over the hips.

It was buttoned across, and the single large button was a beautiful thing made of royal blue enamel. The corsage, which was finished off with long, tight sleeves, opened over a peculiarly fetching little chemisette made of fine white linen.

Nearly all the new serge tailor-mades have skirts similar to that shown in my sketch; plain skirts very wide at the hem, and short enough to show the whole of the boots or shoes. Some of the newest skirts are cut in the old-fashioned umbrella style, plain at the waist and with a big "flare" at the hem.

I am very much in love with the new one-piece frocks made of silk-finished cashmere. These are house dresses, of course, and they are made in all sorts of dark and artistic colours.

NADINE.

HOW SHILLINGS MAKE POUNDS.

Mrs. C. Arthur Pearson, the hon. treasurer, and Lady Roxburgh, the hon. secretary, of the Queen's Work for Women Fund, announce that their special Christmas-time appeal for shillings to provide winter wear for the poor has produced the splendid total of 167,446 shillings, equivalent to £8,372 6s.

The cumbrous books, specially printed for blind people, will now be accepted by the Post Office at cheaper rates.

The charge in future will be 1d. for packages up to 5lb. and 2d. for packages between 5lb. and 6lb.

ENGLAND UNDER WATER.

All over England the rivers have overflowed their banks and serious floods have submerged the countryside.

The Thames is 5ft. 11in. above the ordinary summer level, and the lands of acres are submerged between Bournemouth and Bray.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For England, S.E.—Changeable, some showers of rain or sleet; considerable fair intervals; no great change of temperature.



Portraits of nine new knights whose names appear in the New Year's Honours List. List of the honours will be found on this page.

The Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1915.

LAST NIGHT.

LAST NIGHT the Pessimist remarked: "I am going to bed early. I shall not see the New Year in. Don't open the window."

The Optimist replied: "I shall open the window just the same."

The Pessimist: "Last year, I opened the window as usual, and the false dreams flew in as through the Ivory Gate. I felt the damp mist laden with them. The little boats on the Thames could be heard whistling their hopes for 1914. I well remember that evening. We stood at the window for a moment and saw the Ivory Dream—*falsa insomnia*—in the mist. We dreamed of new men and new thoughts for the New Year—of a gradually, patiently renovated thought of man making himself afresh into a better image of the Everlasting. Incidentally, we were to receive a great many nice things, such as more leisure and larger incomes. And so, slowly, was the march towards perfection to advance a stage.

"What, I ask, is the result of being so polite to 1914? Open your daily paper and see. I won't enlarge upon it. There it is. Already, thousands and thousands of those who hoped well of the beastly Old Year have gone and lie silent beyond the illusion of Time. I've done with welcoming Years. They can jolly well come in by themselves through the keyhole. I am going to bed."

The Optimist shook his head: "I too opened the window just a year ago," he said, "and through the Gate of Horn came to me no false dream, but a true Hope—*vera umbra*—bidding me dream nothing, but believe in the Destiny of men. Through difficult things into truth, through struggle to achievement, through agitation to peace. That was my Hope."

"Well, the struggle part of it came true," "So will the rest," "Why do you believe it?" "Because I must. Without Hope no man can live well."

The Pessimist murmured something about this blanked Pragmatism, and went to bed. Then the New Year came in, faintly, more timidly than usual, through the open window of the Optimist.

But as the Optimist withdrew to bed, he heard a noise from the Pessimist's bedroom. It resembled the shutting of a window. Blind hopes deceive the hearts even of Pessimists! 1915 had rustled in through his window also. W. M.

HOW LONG?

(New Year, 1915.)

Watch with me, men, women, and children dear, You whom I love, for whom I hope and fear, Watch with me this last-vigil of the year. Some hug their business, some their pleasure scheme; Some seize the vacant hour to sleep or dream; Heart locked in heart, some kneel and watch apart. Watch with me, blessed spirits, who delight All through the holy night to walk in white. Or take your ease after the long-drawn fight.

I know not if they watch with me: I know They count this Eve of resurrection slow, And cry, "How long?" with urgent utterance strong.—CHRISTINA ROSSSETTI.

IN MY GARDEN.

Dec. 31.—Forget-me-nots are some of the prettiest spring flowers one can have in the garden. They are useful for massing and quite indispensable for paving the soil between tulips and narcissi. Seed should be sown in the summer in a shady bed, and then the seedlings picked out a few inches apart.

Disitillora is the early forget-me-not, with large flowers and shining green foliage. The wood forget-me-not (perhaps the most useful of all) is very easy to grow, and can be naturalised under trees and in open woods. Near a pond or stream the water forget-me-not can be cultivated. This species blooms in the summer. E. F. T.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"PLODDING ON."

YOUR LEADER is almost always first-rate! Many thanks for to-day's "Plodding On." Just what is wanted!

While writing let me say also that I much appreciate your daily "Thought." The selection is often strikingly appropriate to the news of the day. GEO. P. MCKAY. December 30.

SNOBBISH WOMEN.

OF COURSE, it is plain that any person employed by another person in any position is a servant of the employer. My argument is that educated girls will not become domestic servants without a struggle to obtain a better position. "B." says that the average domestic

They are content to give a woman every courtesy without troubling about her money or position. SOCIETY.

"THE DAILY MIRROR" AT THE FRONT.

I WRITE these few lines to say I received one of the papers collected by the conductors of your company for the men at the front. I shall have much pleasure in sending the news of their kind and good work to the drivers and conductors of the London General Omnibus Company. The column is at present in rest camp. I am pleased to say we spent a happy Christmas after a very restless night, owing to the heavy firing of our artillery—they were giving the Germans their Christmas-box.

We all went to church at 7 a.m., which was very nice. Numerous presents were given to

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Tributes to the Work Done by Our Fighters and Statesmen.

MR. CHURCHILL'S SUCCESS.

IT WAS PLEASANT to read your recognition of the strenuous labours of Winston Churchill.

We must not make the mistake of paying heed to criticisms of our leading men from partisan papers at this time. As "W. M." points out there is always an opposition, and the opposition must oppose. It tries not to sometimes but every now and then bad habits rear themselves and it cannot help itself.

When the war is over we shall probably know how deeply we are in his debt. D. M. C. Montagu-square, W.

MR. CHURCHILL has always had the faculty of annoying some people very much. Mainly old people, I notice.

I fancy our young men like him. They will when they understand his work during the war, as some day, no doubt, it will be understood. M. C. Queen's Gate-gardens, S.W.

OUR FLYING MEN.

THE BRILLIANT feat of our Flying Corps off Calais on Christmas Day brings once again to the fore the splendid and risky work which the corps is doing.

Permit me to suggest that the majority of the British public does not realise this. We pray for "those fighting on land and sea," but how many of us include in our prayers a petition for those whose work is in the air and whose risks run equal with our soldiers and sailors' risks?

Is there any reason why we should not pray for them, too? C. G. B. Bedford.

MR. ASQUITH'S SPEECHES.

MR. ASQUITH'S name ought to be mentioned in even the shortest of the year.

His speeches have my humble opinion the finest and most inspiring of the war. I think they have stirred the whole feeling of the modern world against the new barbarism of modern Germany.

AN ADMIRER. Dartmouth-row, Blackheath.

THE LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY.

I AGREE with your correspondent, "Ignorant But Assured," that we are "miserably deficient in French in this country." I would suggest, however, that we Esperantists should encourage our Belgian friends to adopt Esperanto during their sojourn in England by providing ourselves with copies of the "Glossary," published by the British Esperanto Association, and undertaking to distribute them amongst any Belgians with whom we may come in contact. This key is published in all languages at the nominal price of one halfpenny, and contains a short grammar and vocabulary, and a careful study of this little book would enable anyone in a very short time to use the language with comparative ease. Thus we should not only be doing our Belgian friends a service by enabling them to converse freely with us, but also serve to attain our object, namely, to make the language universal.

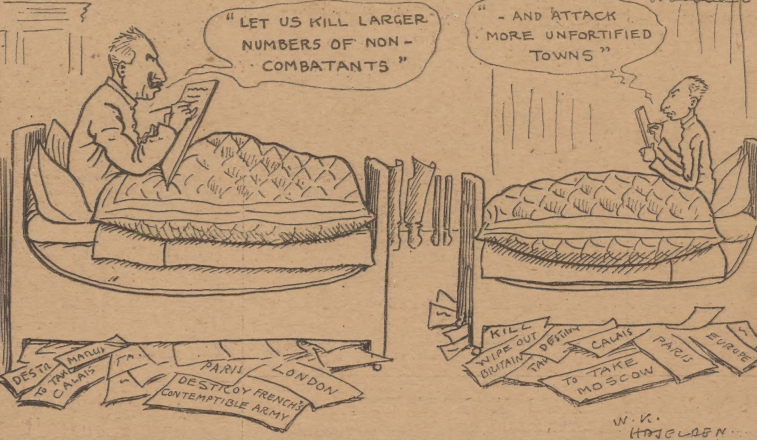
REGINALD WILLIAM GRACE.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The way some people lay on their life layer after layer of blackness is pitiable; they nurse their griefs for the wrongs of men till they have no pleasure but in brooding over darkness. Instead of that, they ought to pray, "Lord, Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us." The moment we pray that prayer, desire and yearning, we see the beautiful it is. It wakens all hope and thought.—S.



— AND UNDETERRED, THOUGH SLIGHTLY DEPRESSED, BY THEIR UNFULFILLED GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR 1914, PROCEED TO DRAW UP A FRESH SET FOR 1915



— to go on boasting and brutalising just the same, and promising by word and writing to do all kinds of war-frightful things which with them take the place of genuine achievement.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

servant is equal to the shorthand-typist as regards education, and I maintain that this is an absurd statement, as the average domestic has simply the board school education—very often not taking advantage of that—whereas the average typist has been to a commercial college for at least eighteen months, and usually has previously been to a good school.

"B." evidently has not come into contact with typists, and if he has they must have been of a very inferior type, the kind that half learn shorthand at evening classes and offer their services for 12s. per week, and I may say that my letter referred to general servants, not ladies' maids.

I know the latter positions are often very desirable. SHORTHAND-TYPIST.

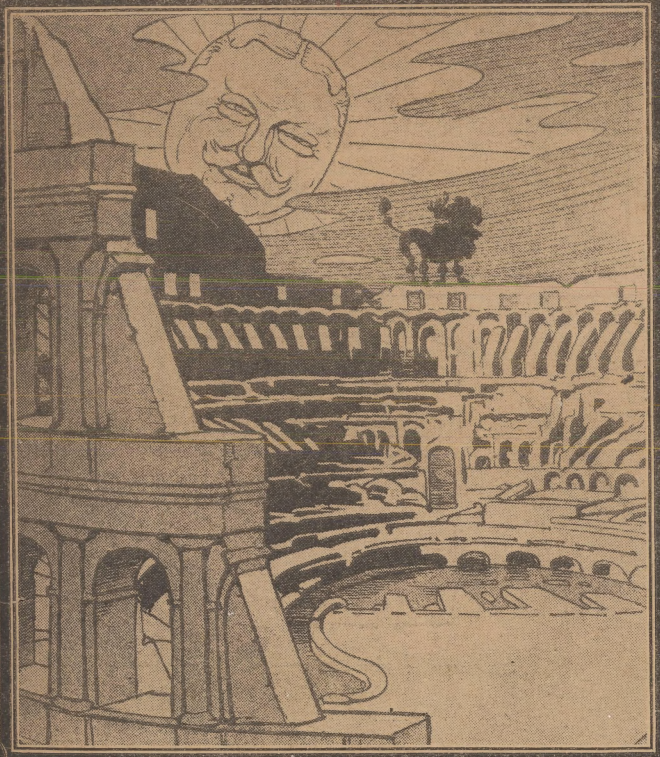
us, including our King George's, which the men were delighted with. Our dinner was roast pork, cabbage, potatoes and plum pudding, given by our two officers, Lieutenant Crosley and Lieutenant Beal, who have been very kind to us, and

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2½d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

I feel safe to say that one and all are now prepared to face the worst. Thinking and wishing you and all concerned a real happy and prosperous new year.

PRIVATE 3172. [The above letter has been received by the general manager of the Glasgow Corporation Tramway Company.]

HUNS' SUN SMILES ON ITALY.



In this German cartoon we see Prince Bulow, the German emissary to Italy, smiling from the Italian skies. Germany is terrified lest Italy should join the Allies, but she hopes the smiles of Bulow will win Italian sympathy

A LOVELY NURSE.



A favourite portrait of Lady Diana Manners, who is now training as a nurse at Guy's Hospital. She is a most noted social beauty.

BROTHERS IN ARMS.



Two brothers, belonging to Hartlepool. One, for long in a French business, is with the French Army. The other is in our Navy. They met on a ship.

OUR HANDYMEN TURN TO A NEW JOB.



A number of our sailors interned at Groningen have started a small carpenter's shop. Here are the little knick-knacks that they have made, such as pipe racks, paper cutters, photograph frames and model battleships.

STILL THEY COME CANADA



Field-Marshal his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught inspecting the various units which form Canada's second Expeditionary Force to fight for the Empire. After he had inspected the 24th Battalion Victoria Rifles, on the Champ de Mars, Montreal, the Duke of

ATHLETE KILLED.



R. F. C. Yorke, the well-known runner, has been killed at the front while with the London Scottish.

SERBIA'S COMMAND



Prince Alexander, leader of the Serbian Army, has just returned from the front. He announces that Serbia has been victorious over the Austrians.

A SAFETY WATCH.



This pocket watch saved a German soldier's life in the Argonne Forest. The bullet was deflected from his body.

S. WAR AMID THE SNOWS.

P. 153 D



A Serbian sentry on duty in the snow. In the eastern theatre of war the men have had to endure bitter weather, terrific snowstorms frequently occurring, but they still fight on.

EF'S TRIUMPH.



Triumphal entry into Belgrade after a victorious manifesto to his victorious troops. The enemy, after desperate fighting.

SURGEON DEAD.

P. 16827



Mr. Thomas Bryant, one of the most famous surgeons of his day—the Victorian era—has just died.

HIS FRONT DOOR.

P. 154



A smiling French soldier takes a rest on the doorstep of his beautifully built "dug-out."

SIX WEEKS IN ENEMY TRENCHES.

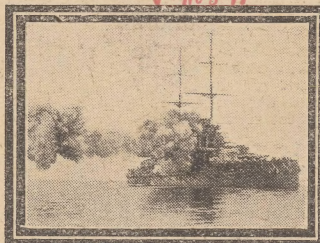
P. 16827



These three British soldiers, Lance-Corporal Joseph Russell, Sergeant Frederick Baker and Private Frederick Birkin, have rejoined after six weeks' captivity in the German trenches. They received terrible treatment, but eventually escaped under fire.

WAS SHE SUNK?

P. 1108 A



Austria's first Dreadnought, the Viribus Unitis, which was attacked by a French submarine during the recent raid on Pola. It is rumoured she sank.

A REAL DIE HARD.

P. 16828



Sergeant G. Varnham, 4th Middlesex ('The Die Hards'), has received the D.C. medal. With seven men he held a position under heavy fire.

THESE ARE NOT ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

P. 135



This is a group of officers on board H.M.S. Dreadnought. Note their costumes and their beards. They might easily be mistaken for Arctic explorers, or else naval officers of the Crimean War period, when "whiskers" of this cut were in fashion.



Just as water revives a drooping flower — so 'Wincarnis' gives new life and new vitality to the weakened body.



'Wincarnis' is the one thing you need if you are Weak, Anaemic, "Nervy," "Run-down"

Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all in one. Therefore you derive a fourfold benefit from every wineglassful. 'Wincarnis' surcharges the body with new strength. And at the same time it creates new vitality. And at the same time it enriches and revitalises the blood. And at the same time it promotes new nerve force. It is because of this wonderful fourfold effect that 'Wincarnis' makes you so well so quickly. And, remember, the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' gives you is lasting—not a mere "flash-in-the-pan," not a temporary "patching up"—but real, delicious, vigorous health, that makes you feel it is good to be alive. But only

WINGARNIS

will give you this new health and new life. No substitutes—no "just-as-goods"—no drugged wines—can do what 'Wincarnis' does. Don't be tempted to waste your money or risk your health on imitations of 'Wincarnis.' Remember that 'Wincarnis' has a reputation of over 30 years, and that it is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors. If you

are Weak, Anaemic, "Nervy," "Run-down," or suffer from Sleeplessness or Indigestion—don't suffer needlessly—take advantage of the new health new life 'Wincarnis' offers you. All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell it. Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well FREE

Send the coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste—but enough to do you good.

Free Trial Coupon

COLEMAN & CO. Ltd.,
W 229, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis' I enclose three penny stamps to pay carriage

Name _____

Address _____

"D. Mr."
1/1/11

FOR QUALITY AND MONEY'S- WORTH,

no others can compare with

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THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



"Love looks
not with
the eyes,
but with
the mind."

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is very elastic.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe.

They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

She has to give up the use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister Valerie, with whom she lives.

On the mantelpiece there is a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her.

So Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing.

As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads his heart sickens within her.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-a-day life is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and jilted!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swift-winged into her heart. It is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it. She knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. They are married very quietly.

The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie is found dead in some old ruins, apparently killed by a fall.

The Hilliers leave India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Greyside Park, a beautiful old family house. A day or two later Sylvia is startled to find that her husband has engaged as his secretary Stanhope Lane. When he arrives she shows her recognition.

Dr. Marzoff, the famous oculist, sees Hillier and after an operation tells Sylvia the dramatic news that if the bandages remain on for three weeks her husband's sight will be as good as ever.

They return to Greyside Park together. One night, when Sylvia is waiting in the garden, Lord Lane tells her that he has been to see her hand. "Don't touch me!" she cries.

At the same time Hillier comes forward. Later he sends for Lane and tells him that he no longer requires his services. The latter asks if Lady Hillier has had anything to do with this decision.

DISMISSAL.

"AND if she had!" Lane laughed, a trifle nervously, perhaps. "Why answer me by that curious fashion—by another question, Sir John?"

It was well, perhaps, that the blind man could not see his face. There were ugly passions at work there. If this woman had thwarted him, she had well to thank her for it. He would be altogether a different matter from a blow dealt to his vanity by a shop-girl on a rainy night in Sloane-street.

"But if she had?" Hillier's quiet voice insisted.

Lane shrugged his shoulders. The action was so theatrical, so admirably adapted to the situation from a scenic point of view, that, blind as

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

he was, Hillier seemed to see the movement of admirably clothed shoulders.

"Well, simply my faith in human nature and its inherent kindness would have received a very rude shock, Sir John. Lady Hillier must be away—that, well, that, as a matter of fact, this is a very vital question with me."

"Then your faith can go on its way assured," Hillier said, and his tone was a little grim.

"Lady Hillier knows nothing whatever of my decision. As a matter of fact, I arrived at it myself somewhat suddenly. You have never been a subject of discussion between Lady Hillier and myself."

His manner was perfectly amiable, Lane knew that, but his womanish intuition perceived a very subtle change in it.

"As for the financial part of the matter, which is the vital part, I take it," Hillier said, smiling, "since I cannot flatter myself that a young man can care very much for our dull life down here in the depths of the countryside—I hope you will not consider that I have treated you badly. I have made out a cheque for £250—half a year's screw."

"Oh, no. I really cannot accept—"

"Oh, don't be absurd. Here is the cheque. I don't expect me to make explanations. I would prefer not to do it. Take it quite simply from me as a literal truth, that during the somewhat trying days that lie ahead, I wish to be able to cash my wife."

Like the discreet Johnson, confident in the blindness of the man who addressed him, Stanhope Lane allowed himself the luxury of a smile.

"I quite understand, Sir John."

"Thanks."

Lane took the envelope the blind man held towards him. He was not altogether displeased. Two hundred and fifty pounds which one has not had to earn, is not an altogether insignificant sum, and, all things considered, perhaps it was as well after all to be absent when the grand finale of the tragedy was reached.

Yes, it was very hard to eradicate a certain feeling from his mind, as of a whipped dog, retreating with its tail between its legs.

"It had been arranged—you remember, perhaps, that I should go down in the morning?"

Does the arrangement still hold good? he inquired, tentatively.

For a moment or two Hillier did not speak.

He had risen, and was standing with his back to Lane, facing the door. The twilight of the spring day had fallen over the vast room. The leap and play of the flames on the wide hearth was the only light. It illuminated the long room oddly, caught unexpected radiance from the backs of the old books behind the latticed coverings to the shelves.

"There is really no reason why you should go to-night," Hillier said, and his tone was that of a man who speaks to himself.

"None whatever—if you desire me to go," Lane's voice was extremely dry.

Hillier wheeled swiftly. His face was smiling. "I hardly mean it in the way that you seem to suggest," he said. "It may seem as though I were anxious to be rid of you. It's not that. I dislike prolonged partings, always. Seeing people off at stations and all that sort of thing. Now, if you go before dinner, as you very easily can, if you choose to use one of the cars—there need be no farewells—no explanations. It would save us both a good deal of unnecessary fuss."

His tone was so nearly conciliatory that Lane hesitated for a moment.

It would save fuss. He realised that he had not a hurried desire to meet those who were again, now that he was not leaving the house with flying colours, though he was leaving it with spoil and yet in peace. In spite of himself the whipped dog sensation would grow in intensity.

"Yes, it would certainly save fuss," he agreed. "And, since you are kind enough to allow me the use of a car—"

The urgency in Hillier's tone grew. "Thanks—awfully. Then there is nothing more than to go and pack."

"Nothing, I fancy."

Lane went out of the library, leaving Hillier alone with the fire-shot gloom.

He heard the man standing by the fire draw a long breath of relief as he went.

A STRANGE TEST.

"ANYTHING more that I can do, sir?" Nothing could have excelled the exquisite deference of the valet as he paused on the threshold of Lane's bedroom, Lane's overcoat, folded, lying over his arm.

For the last hour and over the valet had enjoyed himself enormously. He had gone to the secretary's room, announcing himself as sent by Sir John, and in all respects he had acquitted himself with a skill that no money could have commanded of him.

This dog who was being sent off with a flea in his ear should have occasion to remember what he was losing.

It was odd how the metaphor of the whipped dog, slightly amended, should persist in the valet's mind also.

"Nothing, I think, Johnson."

Lane looked out the luxurious room with a dissatisfied eye. Even without Johnson's help the realisation of all he was being compelled to relinquish was being forced home.

"Thank you, sir." Very swiftly evading the contemplated tip the servant escaped from the room.

The moment for the reception of the tip was not yet.

Slowly Lane descended and sought out Hillier in the library.

"Thanks awfully for the use of Johnson. He's a treasure," Lane said.

Hillier made no response, but guessing something of the nature of the comedy that was in progress he smiled a little.

"That so? Well, you've got a glorious night for a spin. I understand. Good luck!"

"Thanks. Of course, I shall hear how things go," Lane said.

He had been standing at a little distance from Hillier, near one of the big, paper-littered tables that were scattered here and there about the room. Now he advanced towards his late employer and held out his hand.

"Goodbye, Sir John. Thank you immensely for everything—"

"Why, my dear chap, for what? How absurd you are. Bon voyage."

Hillier, almost as though he had not been a blind man, had carefully gone down the stretched hand, and with his own thrust deep into the pockets of his dinner jacket, was accompanying Lane towards the door.

The action was altogether unmistakable. No man in his senses could have failed to understand the significance it conveyed.

Certainly Stanhope Lane was not for a moment in doubt. The blood rushed up over his face as he followed Hillier down the long room. An ugly look had crept into his eyes. A certain look that might have suggested to an onlooker ancestors of this man, at no very distant degree, whose skin had been swartier and whose passions had been—on the surface—more elemental.

"Well," Hillier had paused at the library door. Lane paused also.

"Very well, I hope," he added, completing Hillier's sentence. "I wish you well over the period of waiting, Sir John. I wish you, with an intensity I feel that it is quite impossible for you to appreciate, the return of your sight."

Such a blessing—and for you very especially so! With a hundred and one pleasant surprises awaiting the occasion!

There was no mistaking the malice in the tone. It seemed to Hillier to catch him by the throat, as though it were some tangible thing.

Lane paused, looking at the blind man before

him, yet in reality seeing nothing. He had not meant to say these things. He had meant to go in peace. Now, he felt that he must spit his malice . . . must. A hot intensity of hatred against the man before him rose up in his heart.

An extraordinary surprise, Sir John. And isn't it a remarkable thing, considering the quite idyllic devotion between you, that this should be a surprise that Lady Hillier dreads so intensely that she would almost be content for you never to recover your sight, providing only you might be spared the shock of it?"

"What do you mean?"

It was only by an immense effort that Hillier controlled himself. He wished this man to go without any words—without the slightest shadow of a disagreement. The scene he had surprised last night, his wife's frightened cry if once the subject were to be mentioned between them he dreaded what the result must be.

"Calmness—absolute mental calmness, that above everything, Sir John," Dr. Marzoff had counselled him, and he believed in the importance of the counsel. He realised how any access of anger shook and upset him in these days . . . this worm of a man was not worth retarding his recovery for, not so much as by a single hour. Lane laughed.

"Oh, that is a little problem that I leave with you for the amusement of an idle hour or two. Good-bye, Sir John. Again, thank you. Remember me to Lady Hillier."

He was gone. Hillier heard his light steps cross the hall. Heard his voice upraised sharply and furiously—heard a sudden squeal of laughter—common laughter . . . and wondered vaguely if the comedy he had suspected had been finally played out.

"Dinner is served, Sir John." It was the valet's voice. Her ladyship will be down almost immediately. Her man has asked me to make her excuse for a slight delay. If you will be so kind as to accept my arm, sir—"

"I don't need it, thank you, Johnson. Mr. Lane goes?"

"He is sir." There was actually a tinge of satisfaction not to be disguised in the usually colourless voice of the servant.

"And you are not sorry?"

"Since you ask me, sir, no. Good riddance, sir, in my opinion."

Hillier said nothing, but he uttered no rebuke as he went towards the dining-room. Sylvia was more than a few moments late. Soup was over and the fish was being removed before she came into the room, uttering little broken apologies.

"Jack, dear, I am so sorry. I haven't the ghost of an excuse. No?"

"No, Jack, dear, I haven't a scrap of appetite. The truth is—the drive tired me so much, and I had slept so badly, and, like you, last night, I went to sleep in my chair."

"Poor old girl!"

(Continued on page 11.)



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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

How Ungrateful!

Sir Reginald Wingate, the Sirdar, whose splendid dispatch telling of the loyalty of the Sudan tribes we read yesterday, has probably more Turkish decorations than any other Englishman, or, rather, Scotsman—let's say Briton and be done with it. He has in recent years been laden with Turkish Orders, and the Sultan—the Turkish one—must think him a most ungrateful person to go and stir up all those Sudan tribes to loyalty to Britain.



Sir Reginald Wingate.

No Use Now.

The Sirdar, by the way, has a couple of Austrian decorations, too, that I don't suppose he cares very much for at the moment—in fact, he is said to have a chest full of medals and decorations of various kinds.

His Special Motor-car.

He has done magnificently with the huge territory over which he rules. Somebody once told me exactly how many million acres of sheer sand it comprised, but I have forgotten, though I remember the occasion. It was on the sands near Dunbar more than seven years ago now, and we were watching the Sirdar testing a new motor-car specially built to carry him over the Sudanese deserts.

Steam-Roller Wheels.

The car was mostly built of steel. Its engine and solid-tired, rather steam-roller-like wheels were boxed in to keep out the sand, and it performed marvels over the soft sea sand, in which no ordinary motor-car could have moved a foot. I heard since that that car carried Sir Reginald for many years in his far-away dominion.

An Example.

A correspondent sends me a letter from a nephew, a French Army captain, now in hospital. From his letter, which is written in the most colloquial English, it seems difficult to realise he is not a Briton. He writes: "In the room next to mine is an artillery 'non-com,' who was, before the war, President of the Tribunal of Monaco. He is M. Justice Hugnet. He volunteered the beginning of the war and is forty-eight years old! He is a good example for the slackers."

They all Read "The Daily Mirror."

"Though he was in the service of his Serene Highness (the Prince of Monaco) M. Hugnet is, of course, a Frenchman," he continues. "He came here with a damaged wrist and his wife came to nurse him, and we all enjoy the pictures in *The Daily Mirror*, for both of them understand English."

"Rouillon" in the Trenches.

It was bitterly cold in the trenches skirting the Forest of the Argonne, on the eastern side of France, on Christmas Night. One of the gunners in a battery stationed before Bourneville was Granier, of the Paris Opera, and as midnight struck on the clock of an adjoining village church his clear, bell-like voice rose in the familiar hymn, "Minuit, chrétien, c'est l'heure solennelle." The desultory firing stopped, and French and Germans listened, spellbound, to the divine tenor. Then from the trenches occupied by the Kaiser's soldiers came hearty applause.

Work First.

A quarter of an hour later a furious fusillade was in progress, and before the night was over the French had carried the enemy's first lines. Then a corpulent second lieutenant said to his men: "Now we're going to 'réveillonner'—celebrate Christmas Eve."

Then Came the Feast.

They looked at him in astonishment. But the officer was as good as his word. He had prepared a pleasant surprise for his section, and a few minutes later they were feasting off oysters, cold chicken and champagne. As one of those who took part in it said next day: "It was a noble réveillon!"

A Friend of "Tommy" in America.

From Brewster, New York, U.S.A., a reader has sent me a parcel of woollen comforts for the soldiers. As she gives no further address I must make this the acknowledgment, with my best thanks.

A Zoo Problem.

The Zoo, I see, is faced with the problem of what to name its new baby monkeys. Patriotic folk want to give them the names of our national heroes of the moment, but, as a keeper put it, "It doesn't seem right to call a pig-tailed monkey after a British admiral." So what is to be done? For my own part, I don't suppose the admiral would mind.

Hibernian Chimpanzees.

But this same problem became really acute in New York some years ago, I remember. At the Central Park menagerie it was usual for all the chimpanzees to be given Irish names. After all, a chimpanzee doesn't look unlike an American comic paper Irishman. But the local Irish societies grew very cross about it. They entered a formal protest and demanded the blood of the chief keeper.

He Couldn't Help It.

He said it wasn't his fault: he never named the animals; if he solemnly named the newest chimpanzee Demosthenes, the next day the crowd would call it Pat or Mike. I never heard how the squabble ended, but I do know that the chimpanzees still bear Hibernian names. Possibly the keeper was exiled.

A "Trinity Church" Echo.

On Monday night London will see an old favourite in the person of Mr. Tom Costello, who takes up the part of Aladdin in the successful pantomime, "Aladdin," at the London Opera House. How many of us remember Mr. Costello singing "At Trinity Church I Met My Doom" I wonder?

The Germans Bought It.

I always thought this an excellent marching tune, and yesterday Mr. Costello told me that the German military authorities some fifteen years ago bought from him the sole rights of "At Trinity Church I Met My Doom" to make a military march. The German military bands are playing the old English comic song now.

How the Football Fund Goes.

Thirteen more footballs arrived yesterday, so we are able to close the year with the total of 765, which is sixty-five better than I had hoped for. We are getting them off to the soldiers as hard as we can, but the applications still pour in, and we shall want the thousand balls if we are to satisfy all those who ask. Up to date we have been able to satisfy every applicant from the front.

He Deserves One.

Among my football letters yesterday was one from the Coldstream Guards at the front. No. 3 Company evidently numbers in its muster a poet, who writes that he and his comrades have played the Prussian Guard their return game at Ypres and beat them easily. The first game took place on the Aisne. Then he continues:—

We kicked off sharply at daybreak with a good old English cheer.
We advanced on their goal—passed the half backs and the goalkeeper tried hard to clear;
He saved his side, true, from destruction, our forwards shot splendid and true,
And surely their side got disheartened and gave up all hope and Aidien.
So perhaps you'll consider this letter and send us just one prized football.
He gets one; it went off yesterday.

Why They Lost.

Another of my letters gave a racy account of a match played on Christmas Day within sight of the firing line, between the Lincolns and a team of ambulance men. Says the writer, one of the Lincolns: "Owing to the large amount of Christmas pudding sent us from home, we were beaten by six to two." Then he adds a postscript: "P.S.—The referee being a stretcher bearer accounts for the high score against us."

Any Offers?

And then another cheerful "Tommy" writes that as soon as the ball arrived he and his comrades had a match with a neighbouring corps and beat them five to nil. "A good beginning," he says, "and we are now challenging any club in England. So, if you hear of any team wishing a match, send 'em out here with rifles and we will show them how to play two games."

We Want 1,000 Now.

So you see "Tommy" still wants footballs, and when he gets them he does appreciate them. We must get a thousand for him.

The Black-Eye Painting Business.

I discover that London is not so barbarous after all. You can get your black eyes painted out. Famous Willie Clarkson, who makes wigs, writes me to say that he has been engaged in the black-eye painting business for many years, and he does a roaring trade, especially after any big event like the University Boat Race, for instance.

It Saves Explanations.

And as I wanted to know some more about it I looked in to see "Willie" yesterday. He told me that seldom a day passes but some patient comes through his hands. Many a black eye has passed unnoticed at a big London dinner-party, thanks to his skilful covering of grease-paint and powder. The operation takes about twenty minutes to perform, and the fee is half a crown. So the next time you want to avoid detailed explanations you know what to do.

That Wasteful Kaiser.

Hermann Ridder, the German-American newspaper owner, is going to help the Kaiser to waste some more money, I see. Writing in his New York German paper, the *Staats Zeitung*, he announces the early publication in New York of a German daily paper in English. As an American journalist said to me yesterday, "I give you one guess where the money's coming from."

A Hard Task.

Germany is spending money lavishly in America in its efforts to explain away the violation of Belgium and whitewash itself in the eyes of the American public. Hermann Ridder was born in New York of German parents and he has always been associated with the German colony there.

Herr or "Hair."

He began to earn his own living as an errand boy when he was eleven years old. Then he became an insurance agent and later turned to journalism. Now he is having a splendid time, for on him and his efforts the Kaiser pins high hopes for the conversion of the sceptical American. He is known to the frivolous in New York as "Hair" Ridder, in reference to his one-time luxuriant locks.

Pet of the Junkers.

Prince Eitel Friedrich, the Kaiser's second son, who has recovered from his recent injury at the front and has been made chief of the First Brigade of Infantry of the Guard, is the pet of the Prussian Junkers. Even the Clown Prince, compared with Prince Eitel, is quite a namsy-pamsy in the eyes of the Junkers. Only last year the Prince spent a fortnight incognito in Edinburgh, where he had rooms at a Princes-street hotel.

Prince Heavy-Weight.

His steadily increasing circumference is said to cause Prince Eitel much study. As the heavy-weight of the Imperial Family he is always trying new methods for reducing his size in belts. He has tried digging in the royal gardens, rowing, swimming and running, and some years ago he used to help an old ferryman near Potsdam in pulling a heavy float across the River Havel. It was not a very good "cure."

Comforts Wanted for the Naval Division.

I am told that mufflers, "woollies and warmers," of all kinds, are badly needed for the men of the newly formed Royal Naval Division, who, after their plucky dash to Antwerp, are now in training at Blandford, in Dorsetshire. The Naval Division is suffering the fate of the new-comer—it is being overlooked.

Where to Send.

Therefore those of you who have warm comforts of any kind to distribute can feel pretty certain that they will go where they are badly wanted if you send them to Miss Hamilton, c/o McDonald's, Ltd., 21-31, Buchanan-street, Glasgow. Cheques and postal orders to be devoted to buying comforts for the men of this newest branch of the Royal Navy should go to Miss Hamilton direct, at Cochno, Dumfries, Dumfrieshire. Khaki-coloured goods are preferred.

To You All.

A Happy New Year. THE RAMBLER.



Beautify your Hands.

The refined charm of dainty, well-kept hands is one of beauty's greatest attractions. The hands can easily be kept white, soft and plump by the regular use of POND'S Vanishing Cream—the beautifier which is famous all over the world.

POND'S Vanishing Cream is quite free from stickiness or grease, and cannot soil the delicate fabrics. Apply with your finger tips each night and morning after washing your hands: that is all. No massage required: no sleeping gloves.

In a short while the improved appearance of your hands will convince you of the essential merit of POND'S Vanishing Cream, which is used by famous Stage and Society Beauties. Ladies troubled with CHAPPED HANDS or sensitive skin spoilt by cold winds, fog, frost, etc., will find the Cream most beneficial. Delicately perfumed with Jacqueminot Roses.



Sample tube post free on receipt of 1d. stamp.

Sold by Chemists in 1/2-Tubes, and 1/- and 2/- Oval Jars. Refuse Imitation "Vanishing Creams." POND'S is the original and has never been equalled.

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Passport to Perfect Health Given by Enlistment in the New Army.

"If you want to experience the glorious joy of life, to glow, sparkle and tingle with healthy exhilaration—join Kitchener's Army.

"I can offer no sounder medical advice, give no better prescription to jaded City workers than this—it is the royal road to health."

Thus remarked a well-known London doctor to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

He was explaining why so many men who before the war were anemic and spiritless are now, after joining the Army, pictures of health. "It is the open-air life that works these wonders, that so changes men, physically and mentally, that they are scarcely recognisable after a few months," said the doctor.

When the civilian enters the recruiting office he takes his passport back to nature and to perfect health.

"And the very fact that they have offered their lives ungrudgingly of their own free will makes them light-hearted and full of the spirit of adventure."

"Regularity in all things they do and proper feeding also bring health to a soldier."

"A year of life with the new Army will add many years of life to 90 per cent. of all office and indoor workers."

NEWS ITEMS.

"120,000 Germans at Calais."

Edwin Single was charged before a Jersey court-martial yesterday with having disseminated reports in the island to the effect that 120,000 Germans had entered Calais.

Harry Lauder's Gift of £1,000.

Mr. Harry Lauder, the famous Scottish comedian, has sent a cheque for £1,000 to the Duke of Argyll for the Argyllshire branch of the Prince of Wales's Fund.

Hoarded Gold in Mattress.

Twelve sovereigns, one of the George IV. and one of the William IV. periods, fell from a mattress which was being moved by several men of the Army Medical Corps in their billet at Aldershot.

M.P. Sends Glasses to N.C.O.s.

Mr. W. A. Mount, M.P. for Newbury (Berkshire), has disbursed his quarter's salary as a member of Parliament by presenting each of the non-commissioned officers of the 5th (Service) Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment with prismatic glasses.

BURIED BY 25ft. WALL.

That he was found buried up to the chin in bricks and mortar was stated at the inquest at Clapham yesterday on Albert Wakley, aged sixty-three, of Park-place, Clapham Park-road, who was killed by the collapse of a wall upon his house during the great gale on Monday night.

Mary L. Wakley, the deceased's daughter-in-law, who lived in the same house, said she was sitting in the back room nursing a baby. The wind was blowing, and the wall came down into the back garden with a crash.

It was stated that the wall was 25ft. high, and that the house was completely demolished. The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

SELECTIONS FOR MANCHESTER.

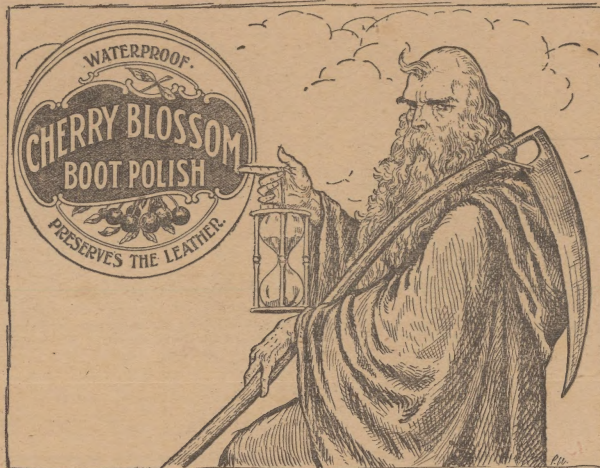
After a break of three days, owing to the weather preventing sport at Wolverhampton on Tuesday and the abandonment of the Newbury meeting, steeplechasing will be resumed to-day at Manchester. Selections are appended:—

1. 0.—Welter Flat Race—GONDOVAR.
- 1.30.—Cliff Steeplechase—BRUTON.
2. 0.—New Year Hurdle—GLAZEBROOK.
- 2.30.—Friday Hurdle—ULSTER.
3. 0.—January Steeplechase—SIR PERCY.
- 3.30.—Camel Steeplechase—PRINCE EDGAR.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*BRUTON and PRINCE EDGAR. BOUVIERIE.

The return boxing match between the Dixie Kid and Nichol Simpson takes place at the Ring to-night.



Time changes all, with one exception:

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

They were alone for the moment. Hillier refused to dine in state. Johnson, as a rule, was the only servant that waited; Hillier could not bear the presence of strangers prying on his blindness.

"I've news for you, Valerie. Our household numbers one the less to-night."

"Really?" Such a feeble little comment.

Across the flowers she looked at him with a white, startled face.

"Yes, friend Lane has gone."

"Oh, Jack!" In her voice, too, as in the voice of the valet, that unconquerable little note of triumphant relief.

"You're glad?"

"I'm not sorry. I am afraid I cannot pretend that I am sorry."

Hillier laughed. The servant had come into the room again. He sat, lost in thought, crumpling his bread. The grey eyes watched him anxiously, fearfully.

What was the surprise of which Lane had spoken? All those stirring little questions and doubts that had wakened to life on his coming to this old house were awake and very active in Hillier's mind now. Why should his wife dread that he should recover his sight? Why?

Once he would have laughed the suspicion to scorn. Now, in spite of himself, he was forced to remember a dozen little indications that went to prove that she did not long for the hour as anxiously as he did—that she regretted India and their poverty and isolation.

Why... why?

There was an answer, but it was such a monstrous answer that though more than once lately it had thrust its head up in his mind he had always crushed it back. Now, as he sat in the silence pretending to eat, it raised its head again, and this time he looked at the strange face of it very intently.

"You're very quiet, Jack?"

"I'm thinking. It's very good to be alone again, eh?"

"Very good, oh, so good—I haven't words to express my appreciation of it, Jack."

"You love to be with me—a poor blind hulk—just the two of us—always, just the two of us, Sylvia?"

"Just the two of us, Jack."

Hillier waited. He had used a name advisedly. He waited for its recognition, every nerve a-strain. He would have given much for a moment of sight, just a moment... he would have given very much indeed.

Then he could have sworn that he heard her draw in her breath with a quick, frightened sound.

"Why, how funny of you, Jack... Why did you call me Sylvia?" she asked.

There will be a dramatic instalment to-morrow.

Next Sunday's

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GARIBALDI'S HEROIC GRANDSON DIED AS HIS GRANDSIRE LIVED.

P. 16513

P. 16513



This is a portrait of Bruno Garibaldi, the heroic grandson of the great Garibaldi, who died fighting for France with the Foreign Legion, and a view of his funeral on

the field of battle. His English mother has told her other sons, fighting for France, to live up to his death.

"THE PRINCESS PAT'S" AT THE FRONT.

9. 6180 10

FOOTBALL AT THE FRONT: OUR ARMY SCORES.

9. 331



Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry are the first Canadian regiment to reach the front. Here are some of the men on the march.



Two regimental football teams playing a match at the front. General Briggs will give a prize of £5 to the winner of the British Trenches League.

THE ARMIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND IN EGYPT ARE READY FOR THE TURKS.

9. 561 J

9. 561 J



Armies from Australia and New Zealand, composed of some of the finest fighting men in the world, who are always ready to guard the Empire, are now in Egypt ready to give the

Turkish allies of Germany a warm reception. They have a camp near the Pyramids. Kangaroo mascots are popular with the men.

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